Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawne.
Bian. Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe.
Hor. Yet read the gamouth of *Hortentio.*
Bian. Gamouth I am the ground of all accord:
A re, to plead *Hortenſio's* paſſion:
Beeme, Bianca take him for thy Lord
C faut, that loues with all affection:
D ſol re, one Cliffe, two notes haue I,
Ela mi, ſhow pitty or I die.
Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,
Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt, I am not ſo nice
To charge true rules for old inuentions.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Nicke. Miſtreſſe your father prayes you leaue your bookes,
And helpe to dreſſe your ſiſters chamber vp,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.
Bian. Farewell ſweete maſters both, I muſt be gon.
Luc. Faith Miſtreſſe then I haue no cauſe to ſtay.
Hor. But I haue cauſe to pry into this pedant,
Me thinkes he lookes as though he was in loue:
Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be ſo humble
To caſt thy wandring eies on euery ſtale:
Seize thee that Liſt, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others, attendants.

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day
That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* ſhould be married,
And yet we heare not of our ſonne in Law:
What will be ſaid, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-groome when the Prieſt attends
To ſpeake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
What ſaies *Lucentio* to this ſhame of ours?
Kate. No ſhame but mine: I muſt forſooth be forſt
To giue my hand oppos'd againſt my heart
Vnto a mad-braine rudesby full of ſpleene,
Who woo'd in haſte, and meanes to wed at leiſure

I told you I, he was a franticke foole,
Hiding his bitter ieſts in blunt behauiour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
Hee'll wooe a thouſand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, inuite, and proclaime the banes,
Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:
Now muſt the world point at poore *Katherine*,
And ſay, loe, there is mad *Petruchio's* wife
If it would pleaſe him come and marrie her.
Tra. Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptiſta* too,
Vpon my life *Petruchio* meanes but well,
What euer fortune ſtayes him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I knew him paſſing wiſe,
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honeſt.
Kate. Would *Katherine* had neuer ſeen though.

Ex

Bap. Go girle, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,
For ſuch an iniurie would vexe a verie Saint,
Much more a ſhrew of impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Maſter, maſter, newes, and ſuch newes a
heard of,
Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?
Bion. Why, is it not newes to heare of *Petruchio's*
Bap. Is he come?
Bion. Why no ſir?
Bap. What then?
Bion. He is comming.
Bap. When will he be heere?
Bion. When he ſtands where I am, and ſees you th
Tra. But ſay, what to thine olde newes?
Bion Why *Petruchio* is comming, in a new hat
ierkin, a paire of old breeches thrice turn'd; a paire o
haue beene candle-caſes, one buckled, another lac'd:
ſword tane out of the Towne Armory, with a brok
chapeleſſe: with two broken points: his horſe hip'd w
mothy ſaddle, and ſtirrops of no kindred: beſides poſſ
glanders, and like to moſe in the chine, troubled wit
paſſe, infected with the faſhions, full of Windegalls